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A RAPTURE,

*Upon the Report of Her Royal Highness being
with Quick-Child.*

Bless Heavens, and say ; Our Wishes and our Prayers,
Have peirc'd the Skies, and now th' *Almighty* Squares
Out luckie *Omens*, to our blooming *Hopes*,
With Child, and *Quick*! The very words even dropes
Us Peace, and Bliss. Go fond-prophetick Feares,
Of idle, or more wishful Pates; Lo here Heaven reares
Fresh Props (and seasonable) for the Throne
Let the *Disquieters* of *CHARLES* begone,
Since *JAME'S Young-Hanse* may Rebels think upon
Then Factious-Buzlers, fear the Time may come,
When th' *Unseen-Blew-Cap* pays your Treasons home:
For who will needs the *Uncle* still Disturb,
May find a *Nephew*, who their *Oy's* may Curb.
Mean while *GREAT PRINCESS*, may the happy *Babe*
Breathe, Live, and Grow, within the secret Shade,
Of Your sweet Royal Self, until Your Wombe,
Shall bless the present Age, with come.
And that Old *SCOTLAND* may (as twice before)
A *Monarch* Nurse for *Britain* yet once more,
Let *Scotsmen* Pray, the Fruit Dame Nature brings,
May prove a *Man*, to this their Land of *Kings* :
Howe're, Wee'll Joy; For who this year's a Mother
Unto a *Lass*, may bear a *Lad* the other.

*in the White House
April 16 22*